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Songs and Portraits



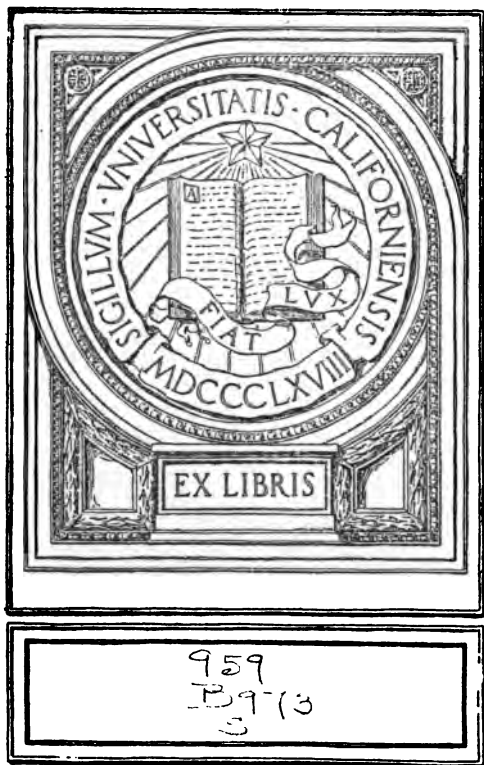
Maxwell Struthers Burt

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

**John O'May and Other
Stories. 12mo. *Illustrated***

SONGS AND PORTRAITS

SONGS AND PORTRAITS

BY

MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT



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1920

NEW YORK
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1920

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Published April, 1920

TO MY
SISTER

TO
THE MEMORY OF MY SISTER
JEAN BROOKE BURT
B. AUG. 10, 1886: D. JULY 4, 1918

457623

THE dawns will cover you with gold,
The night with a starwebbed lace,
And by noon the mountain winds will come
To bathe with youth your face,
So that your beauty shall not fade
From your hidden resting place.

East are the hills you loved so well,
And west the hills again;
And the gallant heart they lifted up
Will never grow old, nor be slain,
For now it is one with the rustling grass,
And the leaves, and the soft gray rain.

Music is lost and vanishes
When the last sweet echoes rise;
And never a day but finds an end
In the hush of twilight skies;
Only the dead who are young like you,
Know a grace that never dies.

O Heart, you will open wide your arms
To the new found joy of these:
You will hear the whispering flame of the flowers,
You will laugh at the hum of the bees;
And the birds will weave with songs the time
You talk with the secret trees.

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I

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

TO THE
LIBRARY

As We Go On

As we go on, grow older, grow more wise,
Grow friendlier with every friendly thing,
The honourable trees, grave dusk, the swing
Of upland meadows upward to the skies,
And even the old new fraudulent surprise
Of that quaint smiling paradox the spring,
How greatly beauty once again can bring
In smaller ways tears to our tenderer eyes.

We do not wait on mountains or on seas,
For there's a little lake between the hills,
That rustles with the sedges and the bees;
And great adventure found in daffodils
Stirs April gardens, when the world again
Is quick with mice and moles, crickets and men.

Resurgam

(I)

Now is a great and shining company,
Chaired like stars before the break of day,
So radiant, their silence is like singing,
Like mist of music down the Milky Way;
And they who wake, hearing the dawn wind bring-

ing
Comfort of voices, are content and stay
A little while their tears, forbear the clinging
Of hands that hinder youth at last made free.

There is no death, nor change, nor any ending,
Only a journey, and so many go,
That we who stay at length discern the blending
Of the two roads, two breaths, two lives, and so
Come to the high and quiet knowledge that the
dead

Are but ourselves made beautiful instead.

(II)

And you, O best beloved of them all,
How is it with you? Is it well indeed?
Or is there in the vivid quiet need
Of some familiar task; yet does the call
Of the warm earth, the rise and fall
Of accents you held dear, when in the night
They talk of you, trouble the wingèd light?
O foolish question wisdom should forestall!
Now are you most immediate: so near,
That there is left no thing between us; no,

Nor veil of life. Ah dear, my very dear,
Only the dead are close and never apart,
Speaking in lucid silences, and so,
Can find their way unhampered to a heart.

(III)

I would not have you know me as I am,
And all I think, or did, or still may do,
And yet can it be otherwise, you being you,
And dead, and knowing all things, even the plan
Of this sweet sorrowful mystery we call life?
How must it seem, the beating of clipped wings:
My blindness, when the multitude of things
Is sharp with beauty as a moonlit knife?

Ah Love, I should be wonderfully glad!
For here at length is what all men desire,
And though I seem a beggar am I clad
In the clear flames of an unceasing fire:
Surely there is no gift in death unless
It brings all knowledge and all tenderness.

(IV)

They told me this was all when we should die;
A sudden end, a silence, and a going;
And even farewell only a fluttering sigh,
And then a secret, far beyond our knowing.
Could this be so, you, who were a bestowing
Of song and light and laughter? Were it true,
What of the subtle difference that was you:
The exquisite mould, under the craftsman grow-
ing?

They have not heard. For on that very day
There came a shining presence where I wept,
As if a radiant child had turned away
From some dear, rapt engagement long unkept:
And see, I have a sign, for I made trial,
And you looked back, and paused, a little while.

(V)

There is a wind that blows from earth when dusk
is coming,
Laden with richness of the stored up day;
The secret warmth of hidden paths; the humming
Of pollened bees; the sweetness of damp hay;
And mist along a shining valley stream;
And green cool reaches where the bending trees,
After the hot noon, listen for the breeze:
All this, I know, is part of your new dream.
And when I wake, and death seems most unfair,
Even then is some new mystery on the air,
Of scent, or sound, or loveliness of hue,
Stirring my heart and making me aware
I cannot grasp the rapture now of you,
Who were so close to dawn, and trees, and dew.

The Land

(Winter : 1916)

(I)

I THINK it is not hard to love with ease
A little land, for there a man may go
From southern dawn to northern eve, and so,
Compass, within a day-time heart, the seas
White on a sun drenched cliff, and after these,
A river shining, and a purple hill,
And lights that star the dusk, where valleys fill
An evening with the tenderness of trees.

But only a great lover loves the great
Scarred beauty of a lonely land, and seeks
Ever to keep renewed an hundred dreams,
Of plains that brood by wide unwearying streams:
Of how archangels hold red sunset peaks,
Winged with a flaming splendour desolate.

(II)

And I have known a man, who back from wan-
dering,
Come when September rippled in the grain,
Fall straight upon his knees to find the pondering
Grave twilight of his country once again;
And taste the earth; and watch the sentinel corn
March, as an army marches from the sight,
To where, below, the valley mist was torn,
Showing a river pendant in the night:
And black encircling hills that held the damp
Sweet frost of autumn moonlight on their rim. . . .

. . . Until his heart was like a swaying lamp:
Until the memory came again on him,
Of brook, and field; of secret wood; the yearning
Smell of dead leaves: an upland road returning.

(III)

Be not afraid, O Dead, be not afraid:
We have not lost the dreams that once were flung
Like pennons to the world: we yet are stung
With all the starry prophecies that made
You, in the gray dawn watchful, half afraid
Of visions. Never a night that all men sleep un-
stirred:

Never a sunset but the west is blurred
With banners marching and a sign displayed.
Be not afraid, O Dead, lest we forget
A single hour your living glorified;
Come but a drum-beat, and the sleepers fret
To walk again the places where you died:
Broad is the land, our loves are broadly spread,
But now, even more widely scattered lie our dead.

(IV)

O Lord of splendid nations let us dream
Not of a place of barter, nor 'the State',
But dream as lovers dream—for it is late—
Of some small place beloved; perhaps a stream
Running beside a house set round with flowers;
Perhaps a garden wet with hurrying showers,
Where bees are thick about a leaf hid gate.
For such as these, men die nor hesitate.

The old gray cities, gossippy and wise,
The candid valleys, like a woman's brow,
The mountains treading mightily toward the skies,
Turn dreams to visions—there's a vision now!
Of hills panoplied, fields of waving spears,
And a great campus shaken with flags and tears.

The Young Dead

THESE who were born so beautifully
Of straight limbed men and candid white browed
wives,

Now have walked out beyond where we can see,
Are full grown men with spent and splendid lives:
And these who only a little while ago,
Without our help, would stumble in steep places,
Need never our hands, stride proudly on, and so,
Come to a dawn of great unknown spaces.

O lithe young limbs and radiant grave young eyes,
Now have you taught us beauty cannot fade:
The years will find a rounding of the skies,
And all our summer nights be overlaid
With strength, a calm, a loveliness, a lending
Of grace that will not go, that has no ending.

Trumpets

AND they had planned a future filled with bright
Upstanding days that held the warming sun
Even where shadows are: when these were done,
Sleep, with a heart made curiously light.
They dreamed so much, as all men dream, at night;
Of tasks, and the fine heat of them, the cool
That comes by dusk like colour on a pool:
Now this is over and new things begun.

Now this is over, and their dreams, once caught
Up in a great cloud, terrible and unsought,
And every hour, so straightly marked before,
Blown and broken by the wind of war,
Have left them dead, with never a time for reaping:
The trumpets cared so little for their sleeping.

If Once the Great Archangel of Our Dreams

If once the great archangel of our dreams
Would leave his high estate and for a span
Grow close to us through some concordant plan,
Walking at midday near the country streams,
Or by the hearth, discuss our common themes,
I think that he would prove an artizan
Of souls, and a most comfortable man;
Smaller and larger than as now he seems.

And though his talk would still have much to do
With that strange rose we seek within the fire,
Petalled with flames of unfulfilled desire,
It would have quiet laughter in it too;
Laughter with children, and old folks, and dogs;
And good men; and with poor unwitting rogues.

The Little House

AND I said to myself I will build a house,
The day my love comes by,
And there shall be much of a river wind, and much
of the open sky;
With a singing bird to wake us, and a great rose,
red and high.

A great rose red and high and near,
And shaken by the bees,
Close in the shadow of green-gold vines and a depth
of green-gold trees:
And night will bring a cool of dreams like rain
upon the breeze.

O little house of river winds:
O house so hid and neat:
The long white road that leads to you is cruel to
weary feet;
Yet, with my Love for company, even the dust
is sweet.

Fishing

THE days when I went fishing
I would wake before the dawn,
The moon a little lip of gold
Above a silver lawn,
Where, in a velvet pool of trees,
A gray mist hung unstirred by breeze,
Or any sound, so patiently
The world bore night, it seemed to me.

The house was silent to my feet,
Beneath a tip-toe tread;
And I could see behind each door,
Calm in a white-paned bed,
An aunt, with high patrician nose,
An uncle carmined; there arose
A smell of matting on the air,
Sober and cooling everywhere.

Beside the kitchen stove the cat
Blinked twice with eyes of gold,
And yawned with infinite contempt,
For sleep is new, and old
Is fishing; on the Nile,
Once with mysterious feline guile,
In moonlit, temple-shadowed bays,
Were caught bright fins, in other days.

The cat, the stove, the open door,
Upon a miracle of sun!
O for the dew upon the grass:

O for the feet that dance and run!
And in the maples' tip-top spires
The swaying song of passionate choirs!
I think that morning's finest joys
Are saved for little fishing boys.

Where trout lie there are white, white stones,
With running water over;
And half the air is made of mint,
And half is made of clover;
And slow clouds come and go and sail
Like giant fish with lazy tail.

A stream runs out a fine spun song
From shadowy pools to laughter;
A wood song, with a chorus clear,
And a lilt and a chuckle after;
For little pools with sunlight in
Are like plucked notes of a violin,
While through the mist of melodies
Stirs ever the motif of the breeze:

Some find bird carolling sweet at dawn,
And some more sweet at noon;
But fishing boys like dusk, I think,
For there's a hush that soon,
When evening sends them homeward bound,
Turns every field to tremulous sound,
Where thrush and owl and meadow-lark
Chant to the coming of the dark.

The nights when I'd been fishing
Were always very still,
Save for a rustling of the leaves;
A distant whippoorwill;
And in a sky of velvet-blue,
The stars were golden fishes too;
Swam slowly, swam into a dream
Of white stones and a running stream.

Crepuscle

IN all the lonely places and the hills
By dusk comes down faint trumpeting; it fills
The hollows and the river banks with sound,
And music is like mist along the ground.
In all the forest paths and secret places
The lilies seem like small forgotten faces,
And clothed in dimming gold, and by our side,
With muted hoofs, the dead contented ride.

Dusk

(From "Love on a Ranch")

THE tall pines are a myriad host at prayer;
A half-moon swings a censer on the air;
Silver and far away
The hills turn gray.
And while the transparent moment rounds and
breaks
There is no music but the antiphonal wind of lakes.

Love, wait! Be still! Hush even our hearts,
Lest they, loud with this beauty,
Beat against some calm
Beyond our understanding, and we be
Bereft of this most requisite memory.
Under the ceaseless murmur of the days
Lies silence.

Night

(From "Love on a Ranch")

HUSH of the world, save for a small and quiet wind,
Out of the north, through slumberous fir tops stirring:

A late pale moon conjuring the dreaming hills
With passionate white magic, and the whirring
Of a belated cricket in the grass.

O amber night, alive, and wonderful, and still!

I have arisen for I cannot sleep:

Too sweet, too near the outspread shadow of your
hair!

Is it not strange, this love which holds us

Lips cling to lips, so much

I strive to lose myself in you, and yet, beyond,
Always we stand as beggars at the gates of sound
and touch.

Spring in Princeton

SWEET, very sweet, the meadows now,
New blackened by the turning plough,
And soon across the Jersey hills
Will drip the gold of daffodils,
Until the furrows in the train
Of drifting winds drift deep with grain.
Apple and judas tree and pear
Breaking in blossom everywhere;
And in the night—O nights soft falling!
To hear the little 'peepers' calling!
I wonder if, as used to be,
The dusk is damp with mystery,
And shadowy black, where trees, inlacing,
Make patterns for a round moon's tracing;
And if, down every silent lane,
Lovers walk hand in hand again?
. . . O to awake on such a day
And open windows wide to May:
To watch the hesitant red dawn
Stealing across the close-turfed lawn;
Each lilac bush, to purple springing,
A very rain—a pain, of singing;
While here and there, with merry tapping,
A flicker stirs the laggard napping!
To breakfast underneath the trees
With silver and white naperies
On honey, tasting yet of clover,
In a warm field, a blue sky over:
And read, nor care a pinch of snuff,
What the world does—sad world enough!

While, just to make full life completer,
Your cigarette burns sweet and sweeter!
O little town in spring I find
You altogether to my mind:
Your towers silvery gray and high,
Against the background of a sky,
Where white clouds drift as lazily
As galleons on a summer sea:
Your old bells ringing, old clocks chiming,
Dawn and dusk and high noon timing;
And, underneath your elm trees stately,
The brisk don, walking now sedately!
Time is unwasteable in May
There is no night, there is no day,
One can dream honestly the hours,
Over old books, over new flowers,
Scenting an ancient tome of leather
With shrubs and grass and sunny weather,
Until John Lyly struts once more,
And Gil Blas laughs from a tavern door,
And Borrow foots it through his Spain
With bibles and with lies again:
Although, in truth, a hocus-pocus,
With print mixed up with thoughts of crocus,
Tulip, hyacinth, red japonica,
Where Wells is marrying Ann Veronica,
And, sentimental, swings his feet
For nothing save that life is sweet. . . .

. . . And life is sweet, no matter where;
Even the big gray towns are fair,
And daisies white and buttercup

Creep to their very gates, and up
Each narrow street the children sing
To hurdy-gurdys, in the spring.
Dusk is brimful and soft with speech
That Parma, Umbria, Sicily teach;
And Vevey, and Lucerne; and merry,
Rich, and quaint is the tongue of Kerry.
I think there's nothing like at dark
To see the lamps in Central Park
Turn yellow in the purple gloom
To huge gold lilies dripping bloom;
And watch the great walls through the night
Ripple to towers of fabulous light.
. . . But ah the best, the very best,
My little town twice score miles west!
There, as the sun folds down its wings,
On every lawn a robin sings,
And kindly people take their tea
Under an elm or maple tree;
While dogs, politely consequent,
Vaguely consider each new scent.
And ah, the lilac trees are rare!
And ah, the green-gold evening there!
O quiet lawns! O friendly town!
O the soft drift of petals down!

Two Songs for Music

(I)

NEVER a day turns blue; never a day's begun
But I feel you near,
And somewhere here,
As one feels in May the sun,
Knows in June the passing cloud,
And with Fall that the year is done.

Never a dusk grows cool, and the night is come
again,
But your whispering feet
Are like the beat
On the roof of the falling rain;
Until there is no roof at all,
And my heart is washed with pain.

(II)

I walk all day beneath the burning sun,
And all day long my shadow follows me:
There is a street where falls a chequered shade,
And here, for once, my shadow lets me be,
Beside a wall, with coolness dark and steep:
And so, at noon, I rest awhile and sleep.
But in the white unsmiling hours that speed
Towards dusk, I run again but am not freed.
By night there is no shadow. . . . Never I knew,
Until the haunted night, that it was you.

The Small Song

43

SOMEWHERE far off a woman's voice is singing;
A little song . . . tender . . . and clinging!

O small song you sang to me,
A score of score of days ago;
O small song whose melody
Walks in my heart and stumbles so:
I cannot bear the level nights,
And all the moons are over long,
And all the hours from sun to sun
Turn to a little song.

O small song, O song!
Why is a voice full of tears?
Why is a woman's throat a bird,
White in the thicket of the years?

Märchen

THE wind is a finger on the pane;
The firs a cloak across the snows;
The moon a lantern down the lane
Where an old witch-woman goes:
But here the fire-lights dance and lie,
And up from the hearth the great sparks fly;
While the cat hums sleepily.

. . . Gather you close and round your ear
To nurse's voice old and slow,
While nurse's nose makes a shadow queer
On the wall where the fire-flames glow:
Stretched at their ease the two dogs snore
From the big brown bearskin on the floor:
And our hair stirs creepily.

. . . Hist: hark! A crackling spark! . . .
The cat hums sleepily.

On winter nights, they say, they say,
When everyone is fast asleep,
The forest dances a rare gambade
To a tune the small stars keep;
And all the pine trees unafraid
Sway in a limb-locked black charade
Adown the hillside steep, so steep,
The shadowy hillside steep.
O then, if one has eyes to see,
There follows the quaintest mystery;
But should one tell—why then—why, well,
They'd turn one into a fairy bell,

Or the bole of an old oak tree—an hideous old oak tree.

Hist! Hark! . . . Just a spark! . . .

A little man with cap of red,
And horn-brown lamp of glow-worm light,
An elfin porter, I've heard said,
Comes out and peers around the night;
And then, as sudden as raindrops, quite,
The forest rustles overhead:
Rustles, and shivers, and laughs, and is still:
And out from thicket, and out from hill,
With an echo of horse and a tinkle of horn,
And glittering spears of a half inch thorn,
Rides a fairy hunt, as sure as you're born.
There's a 'Morte Halloa!' and a 'Harke Away!'
And the night is filled with the tumult gay;
But save you're possessed of the keenest of ears,
You'd think it the crinkle of ice, my dears:
Way in the front is a tiny shape—
Breath o' my body!—A fairy ape?
No, it's a spider!—No, it's a bear!
As small as the round black seed of a pear!
And oh, how it roars as it bustles and bounds
From the very jaws of the fairy hounds.
Down the valley, and everywhere,
Up the hill-side far and near,
With a silver call and a faint fanfare,
And a 'Ride him down!' and a 'Lend me your
spear!';
Till, suddenly, thrice, and loud, and clear,
A cock crows into the frosty air,

And the little man with cap of red
Waves his lantern above his head.

So . . . ! One by one the stars turn white,
So . . . ! Cloaked and sandalled, through the
night,

Before you know it, in cowl of gray,
Strides the bearded palmer, day.

The forest is still, but the old black oak
Stir in their sleep and chuckle and choke.

. . . Hist: hark! What was that?

Hu-ush! Hu-ush! Only the cat.

From a Tuscan Song

IF I were dead a little and could hear,
In the dawn hour, the cock crow clear
Above the damp and quiet smell of field and yard,
Dear Heart, this dying were not then so very hard.

If I were dead a little, and the night
Would show me, in the empty stars, your light
Glimmering below from under sheltering blinds,
Even the winds would warm me—even the winds.

Sweet is the good black earth; the hours
Spread in my heart like open August flowers:
To die a long, long way were lonely, lonely:
Could I not die a little way only?

Pierrot at War (1915)

A YEAR ago in Carnival
We danced till break of day;
A year ago in Carnival
The boulevards were gay,
And roses shook the whispering air
With a great sibilant soft fanfare.

In Carnival, in Carnival,
A Prince of Magic comes,
To the sound of fifes, and the sound of horns,
And the sound of little drums.

A year ago in Carnival
The lamps along the quays
Lay sweeter on the misty night
Than stars in leafy trees;
And down the ribboned, sparkling street,
Pierrot ran on twinkling feet.

Ah year, there is no Carnival!
The north burns dusky red,
And on the white of Pierrot's brow
Is a long scar instead;
While ever the muttering runs
From the bleeding lips of the guns. . . .

This year, this year at Carnival
A Prince of Magic comes,
With blood-red crest against the sky
And a snarl of angry drums.

All Night Through

QUICK as the tread of summer rain
Is the stir and whisper of the grain:
All night through
The road is sweet
And rhythmic with the murmurous wheat:
All night through, as wind, my heart
Seems of summer winds a part;
And my lips are cool with dew,
Cool as the evening lips of you.

Straight ahead the dark trees bend,
And over the hill, where they make an end,
All night through,
A guinea moon
Swings in a measured rigadon:
Drifting cloud and swaying leaf,
And, subtly sweet in the hedge's sheaf,
The dancing note of a cricket, too,
Like the little dancing laugh of you.

All night through,
Till dawn is come,
With a ruffle of song like a ruffling drum
—The sky is blue—
And over the down,
To a dancing cove and a spired town,
And a long ship putting out to sea,
My dancing feet are taking me.
And now that it's day, with a job to do,
Do you think I'll forget, or remember you?

Non Omnis Moriar

THIS we can say, when all is said and done,
We have seen great days, you and I together,
Days when the loosed winds danced before the sun,
And the gray plains shook with galloping weather.

This we can say when weariness is ours,
Cooler than rain when the noons are sere with heat,
Dusk has crept up to us and night changed to stars,
And the dim hours sped on dew-clad feet.

Sped, till the wind blew dawn again, and we
Turned to the hills that brought us near the sky:
Love, with the days that have passed beyond decree,
Much that is part of us can never wholly die.

City Trees

I MIND me well an elm that grew
Here at the corner; and a square above
A slender maple kindly threw
Its shade for goodly men long dead:
On April mornings in the spread
Of branch and leaf and delicate spire,
Sparrows gave greeting to their kind,
Or joined in shrill cacophonous choir:
And when the sky was very blue,
The soft green stir that one looked through,
Was suddenly a gracious thing
To country eyes and country hearts
Weary of waiting for the spring.
The early summer nights of rain,
When clouded moons came back again,
Found all the new washed silent street
Bosky with scent of dripping boughs,
Distilled and overpoweringly sweet;
And perfume hung upon the pave
From either side, for gardens gave,
High walled with brick, of secret mien,
Upon the uneven, echoing flag,
A shadowy crown of fragrant green.
Here were set apple tree and pear,
And quince, and heavy on the air,
Magnolias raised their wax-wraith cup,
Drinking the falling star-light up.
Year after year, and yet below,
Youth changed to age, and age to slow
Inevitable hearse and crawling carriages—

Birth, burial, sorrow, laughter, marriages—
Till now, indeed—I wondered then—
If trees grow weary of much men;
Weary of old recurrent change,
And long as men do for a wind
Over a high white mountain range;
Or, country bred, they miss the hush
Of morning meadows, cool and lush,
Where, in the place of ragged sparrows,
The singing birds, lark, robin, vireo,
Drop their melodic silver arrows
Straight to the heart of quivering boughs;
Or perhaps the quiet munching cows
On summer nights, the little sounds,
Snuffing and breathing, pressing close,
The white sheep make upon their rounds:
And if drab women decked to please
Are not sad sights for good green trees.

Trinity

THERE were three things I loved to see
When evening walked along with me;
The crowded street, and the leafy Square,
And the high tower of Trinity.

The drab sprawled city seemed to soar
A breathless moment toward the sky:
And ever since, when dusk is by,
The crowded street comes back to me
And the rose-gray of Trinity.

A single shaft above the Square,
And here and there and everywhere,
The soft scent of April rain
And little pools of wet aflare.

The House

HERE in this house my father lived,
Here on the corner facing west,
The tall white stoop knew much of him
And led to all that loved him best.

Once was a garden by the side,
Where we would sit in sunny May,
To hear him tell of wondrous things
In his gay, quiet, humorous way.

And I recall his brown bright beard,
The slow and graceful strength of him,
The heavy lidded eyes of gray;
Yes, even those are not yet dim.

Nor dim the breathless night I crept
Into the shadowy room apart,
And found a shadow lying there
That stopped the beating of my heart.

I cannot pass the corner now,
So full it is of memory;
And of the garden where we sat,
Smug jewel shops make mockery:

And I must wonder if, at night,
Between the trinkets cold as death,
The shadow of a little boy
Still weeps with stricken breath.

Drifting

SUN-DRIFT, cloud-drift, drifting fall of light,
Drifting into Metatsee with the scent of night
Sweet upon a hundred hills;
Fragrant where the valley fills
With a whirr of wild wings lake-ward bound in
flight.

Star-drift, moon-drift, drifting pony feet,
Through the white plaza, where the four roads
meet;
In the purple dusk about,
Yellow lights come slowly out,
Drift in little pools of gold across a silver street.

Sage-drift, dew-drift, drifting scent of flowers,
Drifting out of Metatsee in the morning hours;
All the world ahead of you,
Cool with birds and meadow-dew,
Straight to where along the west a white peak
towers.

Question

WHEN it is warm I know the quiet flowers
Content you through the dreaming summer hours;
But when it rains, it rains, my dear, instead,
How can I bear to know that you are dead?

The Bird

THERE is a bird that sings at night,
A soft note, a sudden note,
As if, with half awakened throat,
It could not keep its sweetness in. . . .
I think sometimes the bird is you.

There was a time you sang at night:
O little songs that talked of spring!
But now so much I hear you sing,
I think sometimes the bird is you.

I think no melody is lost,
Nor loveliness for very long,
For in the place where beauty walked,
A budding tree is like a song,
And when a heart is touched with flowers,
Is there not music through the hours?

Is there not music where you went,
And singing down each mountain trail,
And echoes that are never spent,
And silver words that never fail?

The Companion

Now am I nevermore afraid;
I have cast out fear;
Since you, who were part of me, are dead,
And therefore near:
Since you, who are part of me, are wise
Beyond all hope and pain,
I shall walk with my face to the stars,
And look up at them again.

There are nights when I ride alone:
In the unstirred dew,
There will be feet that leave no mark,
And yet are you;
And I shall be glad for their sound,
I shall have no choice,
For the winds will be you accompanying me,
And the silence use your voice.

Princeton—1917

LIKE to a mother who watches for her sons,
Sons whose voices may never come again,
Hour on hour on hour that laggard runs,
You watch these grave gray winter nights of rain.

O Beautiful—

We who have loved you when the spring is lit,
And breaks in flame along the western hills;
When every hollow place and damp sweet bit
Of woodland red arbutus spills,
And in the valley all the apple trees
Tremble in loveliness before the breeze;
O Beautiful, your beauty was of light,
Now more than beautiful, since it is dark and
 night.

Stern as a mother whose sons are outward borne,
On some far quest that ends beside the grail,
You will remember them, lost and battle-torn,
Recalling their voices, their steps; nor ever fail.

O Beautiful—

I think on April nights,
On April nights when all the world is green,
And soft with open windows and with lights,
They will come back where now their dreams have
 been,
Walking again the paths they knew so well—
And, as the hours grow quieter and long,
Shake out their hearts once more in silent song.

Words

SOME day when I am well content,
When I have paid the uttermost rent,
Paid the butcher, paid the cook,
I'll write a leafy, shadowy book;
A book so quiet, clear, and cool
The words will rest you like a pool.
And thirsty folk, who need a drink,
Will come and buy that book—I think.

Some day when I am very rich,
I'll hire a private, grass grown ditch,
With silver maples bending over
A secret amplitude of clover,
And just a bit of blue mud, so
Blue butterflies can come and go.
. . . Over and under and round and together,
Lazy as thoughts in lazy weather:
And into my mind, sweet word on word
Will flutter and stir there; gracious, absurd;
Quaintly beautiful, stately, gay;
And after a little while fly away.
And I shall not hold them, shall not care,
Simply be glad that they once were there.
. . . I shan't be even sorry, I think,
I killed them Monday last with ink.

When I've done all the work I should,
I'll buy a thick and tangled wood,
And lie behind a thorn and peer
At the travellers on the highroad near;

But I'll have my ears stuffed up with cotton
So's not to hear their talk besotten.
And if perchance they trespass there,
I'll lose them; I'll have everywhere
Signs to guide them wrong; one item,
A gentle bear I know to bite 'em.
Never a sound, but like a tune
Will come the damp cool smell of June,
Come from hidden hollows where
Primrose grows with maidenhair,
And all the afternoon of glades
Is misty with sunlight and cascades.
Out of the ultimate heart of trees
I'll get me quiet and dreams and ease.

. . . Quiet? They say the best of quiet
Is found in heaven— Some day I'll try it.

Friend of Mine

FRIEND of Mine, come back again,
Now the spring is soft with rain;
Rain that walks with shining feet
Up the shadowy, lamp-lit street.
See, in every pool the showers
Widen into water-flowers;
And the skirts of night are wet
With hyacinth and mignonette.
Friend of Mine, come back again,
Here's the spring once more; and rain.

Silver Feet

(To N. B.; æt. 6)

ALL because of silver feet, slippers shod with light
and dew,
Somewhere on the highroad there's a spring for
you;
Such a clear and shining pool, maples bending
over,
With a blackbird lately come from a field of clover.

Silver feet, roaming feet, feet forever skimming,
You will rest at noon beside the cool water brim-
ming;
Cup your hands to drink it with; in the mirror
deep
Watch your eyes grow round and rounder till you
fall asleep.

Rain will wake you up at four, gentle and persis-
tent,
Make the hills you're travelling to, misty-far and
distant;
Never mind, the road's the thing, that, and silver
shoon,
Midday with a waiting spring; evening with the
moon.

Night is the Time!

NIGHT is the time! Look out and see;
Out of your window is mystery.

Lean far out, and leaning far,
Look down at the earth and up at a star.

There is no earth, for in between
Sways a shadow deep and green;

And this makes all the odder still,
The bark of a dog on a neighboring hill;

The sound of footsteps coming near;
The talk of two lovers, soft and clear:

Someone whistles; someone calls;
Somehow utter silence falls:

Until, far off, a voice once more,
And unseen laughter passes your door.

That is the lovely thing about night,
You see without hearing, and hear without sight.

For if you turn your head to the sky,
Quite unheard the crowd goes by:

Never a sound from the rustling wind;
And the close warm mystery leaves your mind;

Quiet and far and very bright,
The unheard star fills all the night.

Desert Hours

THERE comes at times by pallid noon a breeze,
And in the eager moment following after,
A sudden scent of far off pines that dream,
Blue-shadowed by a secret mountain stream,
Above sun-places shaken with luminous laughter:
Or in the hot-lipped cañon we descend,
So hid and rapturous our caught breath's a prayer,
Finding lost azure unaware,
Is lupin, under firs that bend
Curved to a windless south. . . .
These only, and the heat and dust;
Heat, dust, mirage, slow plodding hoofs.
Mirage and dust and toil; yet, soon;
Hours that never end; yet very soon,
Dusk stirs the afternoon,
And sweeps on purple wings towards the dark—
And hark!
Here sings an unexpected lark!
Sings once! Sings once again!
Cool, cool! O silver throated rain!

Lullaby to be Sung to Mothers

If I had my way, as way I should,
You'd live in a house of polished wood;
Rugs on the floor, and color on the wall
And a scent of rosemary over all.

You'd sleep in a bed of eiderdown
Men would come for to see from the town,
While women would stare and jealous grow
At sheet and counterpane smooth as snow.

And O you would sleep so well, my dear;
Long as the hours, and as soft, and as clear,
As stars that hang in a velvet night
To make for you a candle light.

Never a care, nor 'bothersome stuff,'
Save perhaps if the grass had dew enough,
Or perhaps if the flowers were tended by the bee
And the house was furnished with rosemary.

Prettily, properly, silver-white
As the new half-moon on a young June night,
Your hair would turn, but your heart still run
Like a child's first laughter when the day's begun.

Never a care? Ah well, let's see!
There'd be always your son, O mother of me.

The Pursuit

Down the road
Between the trees,
In the new-moon time of May,
Lighter than the small light breeze,
Whiter than anemones,
Whiter than shy waterfalls
Where in summer white moths stir,
Slim, and clad in mysteries,
Was the dim far shape of her.

Music seemed
To underlie
All the sudden startled night;
Music which, so faint and high,
Here and distant, passing by,
Halts the lonely traveller
When at evening he has strayed
Near some sylphic revelry
In a hidden forest glade.

Music faint,
And sweeter far
Than the honey-noted flute,
In a place where viols are,
Where long windows make a bar,
Yellow, dancing in the night;
And the cypress shadows mark,
And a pool that holds a star,
Some enclosed and secret park.

Blossoms pale
With moon and spring
Lapped the forest edge about,
And there went a magic thing,
Not a breeze, but whispering,
Through the patterned aisles and vales;
Through the meadows where the grass,
Bright with daisies in a ring,
Did not stir to let her pass.

Surely where
Her feet had gone
There would be a silvery trace:
Surely when the moon was high
She would turn and show her face:
Surely by some cryptic stream
She would pause and rest awhile,
Till the water troubled be
With her hid unknown smile.

Swifter than
The night-jar flings
His small body to the moon;
Swifter than the gossamer wings
That the dusk of August brings
Over water-lilied pools;
Swift, O swiftly down the hill,
Up where tangled grape-vine swings,
Sped her going; speeds it still.

No pursuing
Feet can win

Ever a glimpse of her shy brow;
Lost the hidden forest in,
Trapped as if with delicate gin,
Sore perplexed the hunter bides;
Till the stars begin to fade;
Till the dawn, where she had been,
Finds him lonely and afraid.

Morning

MIST along the water willows, stealing, feeling!
. . . A drowsy bird; silence; then blowing,
His thin small silver trumpet on the air,
A cock, loud crowing!
O unknown whisper down the trees;
Dawn wind; the white dawn breeze;
Or night wind going!
Rising, growing,
Dying!
Again the cool gray silence and the cool
Fragrance of reeds from green enfringed pool.
An emerald light touches the hills,
And slowly, up, and eastward fills
The sky with crimson:
Slowly . . . till . . . there, where spired pines are
blue;
Here where the moss is wet with dew;
One edge of a yellow sun looks through!

At a distance are heard the pipes of a faun:
"Cool and sweet! Cool and sweet! Meadow
and hill my flute notes greet!
Sweet and cool, sweet and cool, water dripping
in amber pool!"

Suddenly the pellucid silence awakes to sound:
Twigs snap, insects hum, a meadow-lark sings;
From the depths of the woods comes the liquid
chanting of a thrush:
The sound of water is audible.

Faun pipes (drowsily):

“Dew is wet, dew is wet, on lace of fern and
spider’s net;

Water sings, water sings, and the ousel dips
her wet gray wings!”

O sun, after the little death of sleep,
And, all forgot, the finished gift of dreams,
Once more to see thy quivering radiance leap
Across the misty mountains, and the streams
Turning once more their cataracts to light! . . .

Faun pipes (sleepily):

“Drowsy sweet, drowsy sweet; the light is
warm on flower and wheat:

Cool the shade, cool the shade, and deep, deep
green the forest glade!”

III

The Reformer

I do not know what keenness and delight,
What little moons, and stars, what summer night
Have passed you by, and going, left unheard
Silence and music and the drowsy bird.
Is there no thrill, no meagre thrill at all,
In April, when the bland young evenings fall;
And evening and the dusk and lighted street
Softens and yellow and expands and meets?
There is a great wide highway where in spring
Shop window, pavement, warm wet asphalt sing
With whispering romances after dark. . . .
And have you heard girls' laughter in the park?
I know—! You see beneath to tears and lust:
O poor blind prophet of the sterile dust!
Here is the fruitful earth, and rain, and sun;
And old things dead, and new begun;
And death is a beginning, and the soil
Is diligent with death and blood and toil;
And laughter, and good wine, and children's voices,
And quiet age that sees the end of choices,
Bad, fine, indifferent; all forgot,
Now that the pulse is cool, no longer hot,
Where old folk sit and watch the western skies
With patient, waiting, gravely humorous eyes.
Here's fabric too; color without and in;
And yet you see them both an ultimate sin.
Texture and hue of comely wife and maid
Poor love, drab, sordid, dirty, all afraid!
While there beyond your dullness and your fear
Is all the loveliness of lip and ear,

And smooth white skin, and flowing lines that talk
Like rhythmed music in the gracious walk.
Have you no sense of love's great plenitude:
Largesse for every moment and each mood?
Your dreary women answer all I ask;
Slaves of the cradle, unsought bed, and task.
And wine! that ruddy gift of autumn hills;
When every land with dancing sunshine fills,
And up and down the valleys in the wheat
The flutes of old half slumbering gods are sweet!
Blood of the earth, and secret of earth's veins;
Mixture of sun and cobwebbed dawns and rains!
O little man, when once you come to die,
And stand bemused and shaken by the sky,
How will you bear the laughter on your head
Of all the great, full bodied, splendid dead?

To a Friend Recently Married

JOHNNY O'MAY; Johnny O'May,
What did you say to her? What did you say?
"I told her my heart was as big as the moon."
Why, Johnny! it's naught but a golden doubloon!

Johnny O'May, Johnny O'May,
How did you win her, this girl like a spray
Caught from a hedge when the hawthorn's in
bloom
"I swore that I'd live like a new garnished room."

Johnny O'May; John of the May,
It's time you were down on your knees for to pray:
They'll dance to the dawn before they are wed,
But John, when they're married, what's said to
them's said.

Johnny O'May; Johnny O'May
Now you've the brown eyes, what of the gray?
No more will you pipe the stars out of the sky:
Well . . . maybe you'll climb to them, John, by
and by.

K. N. B.

THIS is a great gift,
So keen, so swift,
The gift that is yours of the heart of a boy:
Fluid and leaping, crystal clear,
Song of a bird; a flute note near;
With the lift of it, laugh of it, lilt of it, joy,
The eager heart that is yours of a boy.

Ah, it is brave, that eager heart you have;
Here's the savour of springtime sure;
With all the light of the break of the day in it,
And all the thrust of a sea wind gay in it,
Over the blue-white noon of a moor.

Sail will we on to the march of the waters;
Climb will we up where the world thins out;
Aye, and run will we down the heather,
Through life's long fields in rainy weather,
With a great wind blowing our hearts about.

Mr. Latimer

I THINK it's fine to be so rich
That one can be eternally rude,
Whenever one is out of sorts;
In other words, to buy one's mood.

I think it's righteous, your contempt,
Patrician, delicate, always true,
For people who wear shabby clothes,
Have shabby homes; don't eat like you.

Of course it's obvious anyone
Can have green lawns; you subtly guess
To live in dingy houses is
A sign of spiritual carelessness.

A secret nastiness resides
In those whose women are unkempt;
Women are sleek, and white, and jewels
Were fashioned for their ornament.

But there's one danger always in
The journeys of the self-sufficed;
Suppose one night you lose your way
And in a stable sneer at Christ?

. . .

Now you are dead, so much apart, so dead,
I find I cannot think of all you were;
The glamour of your eyes, nor how the stir
Was ever near of wings your lifted head:
So! and the room you entered in
Became a place of stars instead!

Your fame, your words, I half forget; I spill
All of my heart in little things it seems:
I share with half a world your singing dreams.
But you; ah you, I cannot share until,
Some sudden foolish memory takes my heart,
Bidding it leap and falter and lie still.

And Adah Bare Jabal:

*He was the father of such as dwell
in tents, and of such as have cattle.*

(To D.N.)

LORD, I give thanks for myriad gifts
That I have tasted, touched, and seen;
Spring, when with delicate shy steps
It treads a valley, and the green
Of quivering aspen trees is laughter
Of leaves above the loosed streams after.
Thanks for young grass, when blade on blade,
Tender for cattle being made.
. . . Lord, it's a goodly sight
To watch the big herds graze by night.

And when the summer comes amain,
The swift, the cool, the occasional rain!
And all those breathless moments when
Your wings are very close to men!
How often do I watch where speaks
The thunder to the listening peaks;
Shoulder to shoulder, watch them raise
Their giant heads; in those hot days,
When I have borne the drought of sorrow,
Came, well I knew, a green to-morrow.

Lord, in the valley, after rain,
Do you recall that smell of grain? . . .

I even thank you for the snow;
The winter nights I rode, for so

I grew more close to frost and stars,
And when, beyond my pasture bars,
I came to where the cattle lay,
I learned the precious gift of hay:
All humble, all unconscious things;
How tenderness like beauty stings.
I understood why you should be
Reborn with beasts for company.

And after, when a lamp was lit;
And after, when a fire was warm;
I knew why men should suffer cold;
I knew why men should suffer storm;
I even knew why death is here,
Since death makes life more close and dear;
And how, when death at length betideth,
Death is but warmth that long abideth.
I would not miss one wound, O Lord,
Made with your clean, stern, merciful sword.

. . . O Lord, you mind that day last Fall
We heard the great elk bugles call?

The Ouija Player

POOR faded, fat, bemused idealist,
Eager for lips long dead you once have kissed,
You think that heaven at last you've really caught
Within this varnished square so newly bought?
You think the shining dead can be detained
By anxious flabby muscles, over-strained?
Ah no; if death is anything but death,
Cease troubling, save your eyes, your questioning
 breath;
Save them for life, that in the end you be
For all the sensible dead fit company.

Uncle Jim

UNCLE JIM with snow clad peak
Played a life-long hide and seek;
Dug in every rocky fold
For a trace of hidden gold;
Sometimes, very seldom, 'struck,'
Usually 'was out of luck';
But, meanwhile, the hills and he
Came to a marvelous harmony.

Every spring with pack and pick,
Bag of flour, blanket thick,
And a large tobacco can
Just as comfort for a man,
He would take the higher trails
With the soft May-laden gales.
Birds were singing as he went;
Brooks were white and turbulent.

In the mountain meadows where
He would pitch his camp, the air
Bore a resinous warm scent;
Juniper with grasses blent;
And his waking eye could see
Ranges like eternity.
Golden stars for supper mates:
That is not the worst of fates.

Nor the worst of fates to die
Quietly beneath the sky;
August, and your tools and bars

66

Laid in order like the stars;
Handy every pick and pan,
Handy for a mining man,
When 'the great analyst'
Shall each 'sample' weigh and list.

Uncle Jim, I know you hold
Now the very crock of gold
In your hands, while at your knee
Angels listen breathlessly:
How you found at Cœur d'Alene
That big 'pesky' triple vein:
How that August night you dreamed
Thunder Mountain yellow gleamed.

Mr. Smithers

MR. SMITHERS wears a ring,
A heavy, brilliant, ruby thing;
And Mr. Smithers' hands are white,
So that the nails reflect the light;
The four-worlds bring, in fact, their booty
To add to Smithers' well-kept beauty.

Once, when we were having tea,
Mr. Smithers talked to me;
On a terrace, velvet sod,
Under a sky that spoke of God;
Just before the wandering light
Sowed the poppies of the night.

From a horizon heather blue,
High, heart stirring, called to you
Distant hills and in between,
Sloping fields stretched tender green;
One could almost see the day
Open wide its arms and pray.

Mr. Smithers thoughtfully
Lit a cigar and talked to me.

"All this rot," said Mr. Smithers,
"Blows to dust and quickly withers
With a breath of commonsense;
I mean this brotherly pretence.
If a man's a man, then—well—
He'll make his 'pile' in spite of hell.

Don't, of course, misunderstand me;
I pay out checks when they command me:
For any worthy cause or reason
My purse is wide at every season.
Charity becomes 'the classes';
As for 'the masses'—well—they're 'masses.'

You know, my boy, as well as I
That all a man need do is try;
The world has never had enough
Of the right kind of mental stuff:
Instead of milk and water cooing,
We need more blood and iron doing.

(Mr. Smithers' hands are quite,
I think I said, large, soft, and white.)

Cent for cent the world rewards
The valiant heart, the trusty swords;
Look—I ask you modestly—
Look at my friends, and—well, at me!
Talk of Rome? Well, now, our story
Reflects, I think, an equal glory.

(An ancient Smithers, so I'm told,
Made from soap the Smithers' gold.)

But what could I do, when he talked to me,
Save drink the younger Smithers' tea?
Smile, and nod, and watch the dark
Creep across the elm-sweet park;
And wonder why, with lavish hand,
God gives to each the springtime land.

Gives to each man the stars and night;
The yellow dawn, the tremulous light;
The little flowers, all gold and free;
The great thunder; the straight tree;
The whole round world, when it by right
Belonged to Smithers, large and white.

And, though no doubt a stupid sign,
I thought of ancient friends of mine;
Of camp fires, where the ruddy dome
Makes the whispering night a home;
Of bearded farmer men; and great
Glad souls that swarm the slopes of Fate.

There was a boy—Richard Grael
We'll call him—slim, lithe, golden pale,
Whose heart was tears, quick smiles, hot strife,
So much it was a harp of life;
He died half starved; but now he's dead,
His verse is very widely read.

And there was, grizzled, bent and dumb,
That old Swiss gardener, Carlos Strumm.
Or was it Strumm? —I've half forgot,
All save his passion and the hot
Fine love of him for all that grew,
Swam, budded, fluttered, sapped or flew.

An ignorant fellow; slow of speech;
But he could teach!—Man, he could teach!

While out across the wide gray plains,
In desert dust, or mountain rains,

Thin flanked, high booted, tight of lip,
With a swing like a verse to the turn of a hip,
Are all the silent, hawkeyed crew
Of the men I knew—the men I knew!

(. . . Mr. Smithers' recompense
Never reached them—not in cents.)

“Lucky” Sharpe, I saw him fling,
Where great white waters whimper and swing,
His horse head first and, swimming, free
A small black dog from a drowning tree:
A small black dog who never whined,
For *his* men, he knew, were ready and kind.

Or take a rope, so harmless seeming,
One finds in a moment the devil teeming
With death, bite, sear and burn;
“Shorty” slipped his fist in a turn
And saved a leg, but a stump hand wears:
From the same, the Smithers' ruby stares.

.
As I have said, the dusk was near;
The black far hills grew sharp and clear;
A robin sang; the locust trees
Were sweeter than the evening breeze;
While from a neighboring hidden wood,
The ignorant frogs sang: “Good! Good! Good!”

Mr. Smithers thoughtfully
Flung his cigar at a lilac tree.

Advice to a Modern Puritan

JONATHAN EDWARDS, wonderful man,
Had an extremely workable plan;
Seventy years or so of life,
Seventy years of church and wife,
Seventy years without much laughter,
But oh the joys of the life hereafter!
Jonathan Edwards' recompense
Was a highly ethereal bacchic sense.

Jonathan Edwards thought of heaven
As a place where decorous folk get even:
Lyres and harps and fiddlers many,
Merry-go-rounds and chuck-a-penny,
Pasty pies of every sort,
And, after each slice, a glass of port;
Served where you sit on a roseate cloud
Telling jokes in a voice loud.

Space was a golden bowling alley;
Young archangels kept the tally;
Shining worlds were the distant pins,
Planets and comets bumped your shins,
And you used a rounded star as a ball,
And watched it tumble and roll and fall.
In short, the Jonathan Edwards plan
Demanded a large two-legged man.

Jonathan Edwards never meant
That life and death should both be spent
Thinly, whitely, undecided;

Shrinkingly, wearily, all divided:
Heaven he knew remarkably well,
And he also had his respect for hell.
Jonathan Edwards, great and splenic,
Was certainly never a neurasthenic.

J. G. H. : President

A GREAT love makes a great man,
And a great man has a great love;
And I think there has never been a lover
Greater than you of the place you serve.

Princeton.

Primavera

(To My Daughter upon Reaching Four)

THE time is April, and a cloud,
Round as a little puff of song,
Sails in a sky of palest blue,
Sped by an urchin wind along.

While down the viridescent slope,
The silly lambs, with wrinkled faces,
Dance like a band of young white stars
In green, horizon, twilight spaces.

An unkempt meadow, half awake,
Wears as a crown a daisied ring:
Some tiny Pan has found her out,
While she, the sloth, was slumbering.

We cannot trace the piping yet,
The odd fresh piping over the hill,
But if we walk till dusk, I think
That, hand in hand, we will.

The Good Dean: Humanist (A. F. W.)

MEN grow like buildings,
And like buildings, men
Take on the color of sky and earth and grass;
And books within, and pictures, and rich glass;
And, here, a dream upstanding, so we mark
A tower that catches heaven like a lark.

Dreams are a splendour when they break
In blossom as a valley shaken with May;
And dreams are warming when they keep
The man who dreams as young as yesterday.

Youth wrote the language of the world,
Aye, even if poets reach seventy-seven,
And all the books, and all the songs:
The earth is young, and so is heaven.

And some quaint childish mind first wondered
What stars were, and why one was one,
And two made two, and why it thundered;
And why the riddle was begun.

Men grow like buildings,
And like buildings, men
Are meagre and cold; or mellow and filled with
shade

Of courtyards where new trees grow unafraid;
Of cloisters, where youth ponders to be wise,
And wisdom walks with eager, amiable eyes.

Brown Men

ON sultry days by river front,
Behind the forest of the slips,
The world is heavy with Malay
And the redolence of ships;
And in the darkened parlor-bar,
Sun-browned men and hairy are,
Who tell in voices windlass clear
Strange tales of the sea.

While out, and out, where stars hang low
And mountain winds forever walk,
Beside a little fire's glow
Brown men sit and talk:
And O, their talk is very fine,
Slow and acid and heady wine;
And the tang reaches me.

Caithness, Cadiz, Frisco Bay,
Yokohama, Far Cathay;
Saigon, Singapore, Bombay,
Port au Prince and Mandalay:—
Selkirks, Tetons, Mogollons,
Sierra Madres and Shoshones;
Pend d'Oreille, Lost River, Nome,
Painted Deserts—and back home!

Trade winds blowing down the blue,
'Chinooks' coming up the gale;
Barks at anchor, two by two,
Cattle feeding in the swale;

Stamp and rattle of the blocks,
Surf awash on silver rocks:
And brown men, with eagle faces,
At their old ways in the old places!

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